

# Saturday Evening Post

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## THE UNFORGOTTEN DEAD.

BY EMMA SANBORN.

The dead are not forgotten; there are hearts  
Where Memory keeps her vigil, lone and sad,  
Whence all that made life beautiful has perished,  
And hope itself has fled.

The shadows of the grave stretch darkly over,  
And cloud the sunbeams that were once so bright;  
No morning beam of light can they discover,  
Till dark and cheerless night.

I know a mother whose fair child of promise  
Is numbered now among the "early dead;"  
She mourns like Rachel, for her children weeping,  
"Will not be comforted."

I had a friend, whose pure and gentle spirit  
Faded so communion in this world of care;  
The angels took her to their home in glory,  
Mid Heaven's immortal flowers.

One autumn day, when woods and fields were flushing  
With crimson dyes, and leaves were floating down,  
I stood beside her grave and wore a chaplet,  
Her marble stone to crown.

Do I forget her? all her worth? her beauty?  
Her smile, that seemed a glimpse of Heaven's own?  
Ah, never! Life itself must fail me  
Ere I that faith disown.

Then tell me not that loved ones are forgotten,  
When they have vanished from our mortal view;  
The heart's most cherished thoughts may be unspoken,  
But Memory is true.

## THE EBONY CASKET;

The Raymond Inheritance.

BY BETT WINWOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE CHILTON ESTATE,"  
"A BLACK SHEEP IN THE FOLD," "HAP-  
PLED," "THE WHITE SPOT,"  
"THE WOODEN HEDGES,"  
ETC., ETC., ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 44. Each number can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

### CHAPTER VII.

THE DAWN OF A GREAT PERIL.

It was Meg who entered. She glanced quickly round the room, approached the window and looked out, and then turned to glare steadily at the young girl.

"I thought I heard voices," she grumbled. Suppressing all signs of terror, Bernice lifted her eyes, and said in a complaining voice:

"What then? Am I to be barred the privilege of saying my prayers?"

"Certainly not."

"Or of talking to myself when I am lonely?"

"No."

"Then go away, please, and do not disturb me further with your presence."

The old woman gave a snort and a mocking laugh; but she went out again, carefully securing the door behind her.

Bernice's heart beat fast and furiously. "I must be more careful," she thought. "I shall be removed to another apartment if Meg discovers I have held any communication with her other prisoner."

When she had grown calmer, she brought out the dagger which had served such good purpose once already, and carefully tested its edge.

"It seems keen and sharp," she said. "Dear little weapon; are you to give me liberty, and restore me to my friends?"

Friends? Ah, what friend had she to go to, after all, unless it were Jasper Layton? And he was little better than a stranger.

No matter. Liberty was soon enough. It would be worth a struggle to get clear of Captain Marthe's hated clutches.

She set to work at once at the bars, carefully removing all litter, which she hid under the bed as fast as it accumulated.

She worked so diligently that, ere night-fall, two of the bars were in a condition to be removed at a moment's notice.

Once done, she paused in her task, and then it was take a small ebony casket, thin but quite broad, from the bosom of her dress. This she regarded with an awe verging upon veneration.

"This casket is a thing of mystery," she whispered, passing her hand over it in a caressing gesture. "Is my destiny hidden between its black covers, I wonder? Does it hold the key to my future fortunes? No matter. I shall guard it as a sacred trust, whatever may be its contents."

She fell into a sort of day-dream over it, in which she seemed to see Meg and Captain Marthe with their heads together, conspiring to murder her to gain possession of the casket.

Finally she roused herself, and resumed her self-appointed task.

It was nearly dark when Meg again made her appearance. This time she brought up some supper to the captive—bread and cake and a steaming pot of tea.

Bernice was tired, and her head ached sadly. The aroma of the tea filled her nostrils. Oh, what a relief it would be to test its revivifying powers!

But dared she? Heretofore, she had refused to take tea or coffee from a vague suspicion of drugs. Could she venture to drink it freely to-night, when she stood in such need of the stimulant?

The old woman must have seen her wishful look. At any rate she quickly drew up two chairs to the stand.

"My son is away to-night," she said, keeping her face averted. "I have come up to sup with you, for once."

Bernice now observed that there were really two cups on the tray, and as many



HER EYES FELL LOW BEFORE THE PASSIONATE FERVOR OF HIS GLANCE THAT BOUGHT HER OWN, AND HER HEAD DROOPED.

plates. She sat down, almost disarmed of suspicion.

"You may pour me a cup of tea, if you please."

The woman hastily filled both cups, and gave one to Bernice, placing the sugar-bowl within her reach. Then she emptied her own cup almost at a draught.

This last action was sufficient to dispel any lingering doubt Bernice might have felt. She stirred some sugar into her tea, at the same time unwittingly, mingling with it a fine white powder that had remained unnoticed in the bottom of the cup.

"I can venture to drink it," she thought. "Meg would have shunned the beverage if it had been tampered with."

She slowly sipped the contents of her cup. The old woman sat with her eyes cast down until she discovered, with a quick, side-long glance that Bernice had drained her cup to the dregs.

Then she rose up with an odd, sneering look upon her face. "I must go," she said, rubbing her wrinkled palms together.

"Good-night, deary, good-night. Pleasant dreams to you."

Something in her cheery tones, and the sly twinkle of her beady eyes, filled Bernice with sudden suspicion. She ran forward, and caught almost fiercely at her dress.

"What have you done?" she demanded.

"Nothing," said Meg, staring, and bursting into a shrill laugh. "You little fool, what do you mean?"

"That tea was drugged!"

"No," half-contemptuously. "It was not, I'll swear. The idea! Why should I do anything so ridiculous? It isn't necessary. You are sufficiently in my power without the use of drugs."

Then she bowed a terrible courtesy, and went out with that wicked smile still upon her lips.

Bernice sat down by the window, where she could watch the shadows deepen and darken along the river. They fell slowly, like a pall, and shut in all the view until presently, a few stars peeped out of the purple depth of heaven.

At last she heard voices in a distant part of the house. She listened intently for a few minutes. The one voice, she knew, was Bill's.

"Did Meg lie to me," she thought; "or has her son returned unexpectedly?"

She soon became conscious of a growing drowsiness, a deathly lethargy that was stealing away her senses. She tried to shake it off. In vain, all in vain. Then the horrible truth broke upon her mind with sudden, bewildering force.

In spite of all her precautions, Meg had succeeded in drugging her, at last.

She grew deathly sick at the thought. Rising, she staggered across the floor, her face looking ghastly in the flickering light of the candle the old woman had left burning when she went out. O, pitiful heaven! she was utterly at the mercy of her foe!

The casket—the dagger! Meg would rob her of them both while she slept!

She ran up and down the room, wringing her hands and beating her breast furiously, in a desperate attempt to shake off the fatal lethargy that was slowly but surely benumbing her faculties. She was like a mad woman for some terrible moments. She would have screamed aloud, but that her cries would only have the effect to call her hated jailer sooner to her presence. She moaned, she prayed, she wept. But all to no purpose. The drug must work out its spell.

Suddenly she thought of the prisoner in the room above. As quickly as her reeling brain would permit, she wheeled up a stand directly underneath the aperture that had

been made in the ceiling, and mounted upon it. She knocked several times upon the plaster.

After a brief delay, footsteps crossed the upper floor, she heard the board raised carefully, and a voice said:

"Do you want me?"

"Yes," said Bernice, thickly. "For God's sake, break through into my room without the loss of a moment."

"Have anything occurred to alarm you?"

"I have been drugged!"

The man repeated the word in an anxious voice. Then he was silent for a moment, as if thinking deeply. At last he said:

"I will do as you wish, whatever may be the consequences. What do you fear?"

"They mean to rob me."

She reeled, and half stumbled from her precarious perch. With both hands pressed hard against her throbbing temples, she looked up and added:

"The bars at the window—are cut. For the love of heaven, save me—from those wretches."

Her voice failed suddenly. She dropped like a dead woman on the floor beside the couch, with her head resting upon it.

The man seemed to comprehend what had happened. His hands flew fast and dexterously—he set himself to work in good earnest. The plaster was torn off in great strips, and he had soon enlarged the hole in the ceiling sufficiently to allow of his dropping himself through it into the room below.

He struck lightly upon his feet, making very little noise. He proved to be a firmly built, wiry-looking man of about fifty years of age. His face was pale and bloodless like that of a dead person, his hair and beard very long and thickly sprinkled with gray. In his eyes was a hunted, restless expression, as if he had lived in constant dread of danger.

After one swift glance round the apartment, he snatched up the candle, and ran to the spot where Bernice was lying. She looked rigid and still as death as he leaned over her.

"My God!" he cried, and staggered back, after a long, fixed stare into her colorless face.

His own countenance was strangely contorted. He dropped weakly into a chair, great beads of perspiration coming out upon his forehead. He seemed to be choked, stunned by some sudden discovery.

"That face—that hair!" he muttered, huskily, after a long silence. "I cannot be mistaken. O, Father in heaven, didst thou send her here on purpose that we might meet?"

He dropped on his knees, sobbing and moaning, for some minutes, with all the shape of a child.

When he rose up again his face was full of energy and a deathless determination. "I must save the poor girl," he muttered, hoarsely. "I will save her, or die in the attempt. Then, then, perchance, my sins will be atoned for and forgiven."

He walked swiftly to the window. The iron bars were still in their places, but with one quick wrench he had torn two of them away.

Pushing up the sash, he looked out. All was dark and still without. Below, sighed and moaned the river, splashing sullenly against the shore, and the stone foundation of the house. There was no other sound.

He drew back, swiftly calculating the chances. Could he take Bernice into his arms and leap into the gloomy flood beneath?

Suddenly, while he hesitated, shuffling steps came up the stairs and across the hall. It was too late! With the quickness of thought, he snatched up one of the iron rods

he had torn away from the window. Armed with this singular weapon alone, he sprang behind the door.

A moment of awful suspense followed. The key clicked sharply in the lock. He nerved himself for the struggle that was now inevitable, his eyes flashing, his nerves of steel.

His one hope lay in speedy action, and he knew it. The instant the door was opened, the new-comers must see the debris of plaster and broken lath upon the floor, and would guess what had happened.

Slowly the hinges creaked; softly the door swung open. A head was thrust into the room—a bushy head covered with a shock of tawny hair—the head of the man called Bill.

The stranger's arm was lifted in air. It fell suddenly, and the iron cracked with a stunning force upon the intruder's skull.

A half-suppressed cry—a groan, and Bill fell like a log upon the floor.

Lifting his bloodstained sword in time, the stranger sprang forward to grapple with whoever should follow the first villain into the apartment.

### CHAPTER VIII.

DORA'S TRIUMPH.

Events do not stand still at Millbrook.

During these three days which have elapsed since Bernice's disappearance, the search has been carefully kept up by Jasper Layton and Mr. Laessle.

But, finding no clue when the neighboring country has been thoroughly scoured, they are almost led to believe the missing girl has been conveyed to a distance—perhaps hidden in some large city.

Dora Raymond watches the result of the quest most anxiously. But she breathes more freely as the days pass, and the men return each night, dispirited and tired.

"They will have their trouble for their pains," she mutters. "Bernice is not destined to cross their paths again for many a long day to come."

She feels a savage joy at the thought. Her hatred of the innocent girl is wonderful for its intensity. She hates her for her beauty, for her innocence, for her sweet, guileless nature; above all she hates her for standing in her way, and winning so firm a hold upon hearts she would fain have paid their homage to herself alone.

Late in the afternoon of the third day, Dora sits alone in the handsomely furnished drawing-room of Laessle's house, when a servant brings up a card to her.

Taking it from the silver salver, she reads the name "Captain Louis Marthe." Underneath has been hastily written in pencil the words: "I must see you. Don't deny yourself to me."

Dora knits her pretty brow in a frown, but, conscious that the servant's eyes are upon her she says readily enough:

"Show the gentleman up."

"Yes, Miss."

When the servant is gone she clenches her jeweled hands until the pink nails leave unsightly scars in the rose-tinted palms.

"The idiot!" she mutters, angrily. "What has brought him here? I told him not to come nigh me again."

At this instant the door opens, and Captain Marthe is ushered into the drawing-room.

There was an odd, inscrutable expression upon his face as he crossed the threshold. A smile, half-meeting, half triumphant curled his lips; but his bronze-colored eyes had a restless glitter in them.

He advanced into the room, sullenly helping himself to a seat near Dora.

"Why don't you bid me welcome?" he said, in a low, satirical tone.

Dora glanced up at him, her bright eyes glowing brighter than before.

"I am not given to hypocrisy."

"Humph. I thought you were given to anything by which you could better yourself."

His cool impudence seemed to vex her beyond all endurance. An angry crimson flamed into her face.

"What do you want?" she said, sharply.

"Of course you have not ventured to come here on any fool's errand?"

"Perhaps I came to see you, my charming Dora. What then?"

"Bah! Of course you came to see me."

"Drawn here by your wonderful beauty; your accomplishments, your excellencies of heart and mind."

"Bah!" she said again, her lips curved in a scornful smile. "I thought you knew better than to talk nonsense to me. The time for that has long since gone by. We understand each other too well to waste breath upon such matters."

"Ay," he answered, sullenly. "So let me come to the real object of this visit at once. How goes the search that is being made for Bernice?"

"You ought to know as well as I."

"Of course I do know that they have not found the girl," he said, impatiently. "But are Laessle and Jasper Layton on the right track? Do they suspect anything?"

"I scarcely know myself what they suspect."

"They do not guess the hand you have held in the game that is going on?"

"Hush!" she whispered, with an anxious glance toward the door. "No, they believe me to be innocent as a babe unborn."

"The idiot!"

"But they have found the letter."

"What letter?"

"The one you wrote to Bernice—it is signed with Patty Gilt's name."

"The devil!"

He dropped his head on his breast, a yellow pallor spreading over his face. For some minutes not another word was spoken. Captain Marthe seemed to be turning over this little bit of news that he might view it in every possible light.

"I know the cursed dogs must have found a clue of some sort," he muttered. "But, luckily, the letter only told them that Bernice was going to keep an appointment at Millbrook Crossing."

"That is all."

"They are welcome to so much information. But we must take care they do not dive an inch further below the surface. If they do, all is lost."

"You, on your side, must put a stop to the search that is going on."

He spoke in a stern, decided tone that made Dora start perceptibly.

"I have scarcely drawn a free breath for the past two days," he went on, doggedly. "Those meddling fools have passed the house in which Bernice is shut up, more than once. They might see her." Dora recoiled at the words, with a startled cry. Her face grew ghastly.

"I'm glad you appreciate the situation," Captain Marthe resumed, grimly. "I think you realize as well as I do, all there is at stake. If Bernice is discovered, one other person, whom we both know well, will be found and liberated at the same time. Then a long farewell to your most cherished dreams of wealth and prosperity."

"Great heavens!"

She shook her head to foot. She could scarcely sit in her chair, such was the violence of the emotion that possessed her. She could see herself standing upon the verge of an awful precipice, beneath which lay utter ruin and despair.

"They must not find her—and him," she gasped. "Prevent it—oh, prevent it, at any cost."

"You must help me, if I am to do that."

"How?" she cried, feverishly. "Only tell me the way."

"I have told you of the danger that threatens," he answered. "Your woman's wit must find a means to shun it. Above all, look to it that the police are not called in to investigate the case. If they should be, I will not answer for the consequences."

"How am I to prevent it?" she demanded, helplessly.

"Has your subtle tongue no power with Jasper Layton—none with Laessle?" he said, in a sarcastic tone. "Have you forgotten all your old wiles, your old enchantments? There are Marc Antonys still, ready to fling worlds away for a woman's smile."

He paused and looked at her steadfastly. A faint, peach-like bloom showed itself through the paler of her face.

"I think—I understand you," she faltered. "I'm glad that you do. Then no more is needed. I will take my leave."

He arose, pressed her hand lightly, and with a half-mocking bow, was gone.

Come, to lay that vile plot with Bill, and the woman, Meg, that had stolen away poor Bernice's senses at a moment so critical.

Dora heard his footsteps die away, the hall door close sharply, and then all was still again.

"Am I to be balked, baffled, ruined now?" she murmured. "Never! I have risked too much, and the stakes are too high to be given up without a desperate struggle!"

Angrily she dashed a few hot tears from her eyes, and then went hurriedly up to her own room, where she pined and studied face and figure for more than an hour before the dawn.

"While I keep my good looks, I can twist any man living around my finger," she said, turning away, at last, with a self-satisfied smile.

At this instant steady hoof-beats sounded in the distance, the sound drifting through the open window quite audibly, coming from the avenue that led up to the house.

"It is Jasper," said Dora, looking out. She ran down stairs, and was gliding up and down the long verandah, looking cool, restless, and dangerously pretty when Jasper Layton, having flung his bridle to a groom in waiting, ascended the steps.

She gave a slight start, at sight of him, as if the meeting was quite unexpected, and a soft, sea-shell blush mantled cheek and brow.

"I'm glad you have come back," she said, sweetly.

What wonder that Jasper took the hand she offered and led her to a seat, feeling that the world held scarcely another such vision of perfect loveliness? He was jaded and worn. Her warm welcome seemed dangerously sweet; it moved him as it might not have done under other circumstances.

"How bright, how beautiful you are," he said, in soft, caressing tones.

She looked up at him with a smile that was half-shy, half-proud.

"Am I?" she murmured. "I am glad, oh, so glad."

"Why are you glad, miss?"

"Because it is so nice to be beautiful, and—and because my friends will love and prize me all the more highly, for being pretty."

He smiled at her naive innocence, as it seemed to him, and said gently:

"Who could help loving you, Dora? It is not in man's nature to resist a being so infinitely charming."

Her eyes fell low before the passionate fervor of the glance that sought her own, and her head drooped until it rested upon his shoulder.

"I—I do not understand you," she said, just above her breath, leading him on so slyly that he did not once suspect what she was doing.

His arm slid round her waist. She looked so dangerously sweet and winning, so gentle, tender and womanly, that he had not the strength to withstand her attractions.

"My darling; my precious rose bud," he cried, lured on by a species of intoxication which he could neither help nor resist. "Let me make my meaning clear enough. Let me tell you of all the boundless love that consumes me."

"Love?" she echoed, half incredulously. Then the color deepened and glowed like flame in her cheeks. She tried to meet his passionate glance, and hid her face as if her ardor was more than she could bear.

Her acting was perfection itself. It is not strange that Jasper was thoroughly blinded.

But did no vision of the innocent girl whose fair high-bred face had dawned upon him in all the gloom of the busy mill like a new revelation, come to rouse him from the siren's fatal spell?

Alas, no! For a few mad moments, Bernice was wholly forgotten. He forgot even her possible peril, the singular manner of her disappearance, the uncertainty of her fate, everything, everybody save the beautiful Gilt by his side.

"Speak to me," he cried, passionately, drawing her close to his heart. "Look up and tell me that you are mine, as I am yours."

"O, Jasper! As if it needed words to tell you how fondly I love you!"

It was enough. Closer and closer he

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pinch. A few years ago we know not how  
and we shall all come to you."

"Yes, you will be sure to come. I know  
that. I shall tell mamma so. I dare say  
she is looking out for me now. Perhaps  
she's standing on the banks of the river,  
watching the boats."

He had evidently got the picture of Mar-  
tin's in his mind, the Plain of Heaven. Mr.  
Carlyle turned to the table. He saw some  
strawberry juice, pressed from the fresh  
fruit, and moistened with the boy's fa-  
vorite lips.

"Papa! I can't think how Jesus can be in  
all the boats! Perhaps they don't go quite  
at the same time? He must be, you know,  
because he comes to fetch us."

"He will be in yours, darling," was the  
whispered, fervent answer.

"Oh yes. He will take me all the way  
up to God, and say, 'Here's a poor little  
boy, come, you must please to forgive him  
and let him go into heaven, because I did  
for him.' Papa, did you know that  
mamma's heart broke?"

"William, I think it likely that your  
poor mamma's heart did break, ere death  
came. But let us talk of you; not of her.  
Are you in pain?"

"I can't breathe; I can't swallow. I  
wish Joyce was here."

"She will not be long first."

The boy nestled himself in his father's  
arms, and in a few minutes appeared to be  
asleep. Mr. Carlyle, after a while, gently  
laid him on his pillow, watched him, and  
then turned to depart.

"Oh, papa, papa!" he cried out, in a tone  
of painful entreaty, opening wide his yearn-  
ing eyes, "say good-bye to me!"

Mr. Carlyle's tears fell upon the little up-  
turned face, as he once more caught it to his  
breast.

"My darling, your papa will soon be  
back. He is going to bring mamma to see  
you."

"And pretty little baby Anna?"

"And baby Anna, if you would like her  
to come in. I will not leave my darling boy  
long; he need not fear. I shall not  
leave you again to-night, William, when I  
come back."

"Then put me down, and go, papa."

A lingering embrace—a fond, lingering,  
and tender embrace—Mr. Carlyle holding  
him to his beating heart. Then he laid him  
comfortably on his pillow, gave him a tes-  
tament of strawberry juice, and hastened  
away.

"Good-bye, papa," came forth the little  
feeble cry.

It was not heard. Mr. Carlyle was gone.  
Gone from his living child—forever. Up  
rose Lady Isabel, and flung her arms aloft  
in a storm of sob.

"Oh, William, darling! in this dying  
moment, let me be to you as your mother!"

Again she unclosed his weary eyelids.  
It is probable that he only partially under-  
stood.

"Papa's gone for her."

"Not her? I—I—Lady Isabel checked  
herself, and felt sobbing on the bed. No;  
not even at that hour, when the world  
was closing on him, dared she say, I am  
your mother."

Wilson re-entered. "He looks as if he  
were dropping off to sleep," quoth she.

"Yes," said Lady Isabel. "You need  
not wait, Wilson. I will ring if he requires  
anything."

Wilson, though withal not a bad-hearted  
woman, was not one to remain for pleasure  
in a sick-room, if told she might leave it.  
She, Lady Isabel, remained alone. She fell  
on her knees again, this time in prayer—in  
prayer for the departing spirit, on its wing,  
and that God would mercifully vouchsafe  
her a resting place with it in heaven.

A review of the past then rose up before  
her, from the time of her first entering that  
house, the bride of Mr. Carlyle, to her pre-  
sent sojourn in it. The old scenes passed  
through her mind like the changing pictures  
in a phantasmagoria. Why should they  
have come then, and then? She knew not.

William slept on silently: she thought  
of the past. The dreadful reflection, "If  
I had not—done as I did—how different  
would it have been now?" had been sound-  
ing its knell in her heart so often, that she  
had almost ceased to shudder at it. The  
very nails of her hands had, before now,  
entered the palms with the sharp pain it  
brought. Stealing over her more especially  
this night, as she knelt, her heart beat-  
ing on the counterpane, came the recollec-  
tion of that first illness of hers. How she  
had lain, and in her unfounded jealousy,  
imagined Barbara the house's mistress.  
She died; Barbara exalted to her place.  
Mr. Carlyle's wife, her child's stepmother?  
She recalled the day when, her mind ex-  
cited by certain gossip of Wilson's—it was  
previously in a state of fever bordering  
on delirium—she had prayed her husband, in  
terror and anguish, not to marry Barbara.

"How could he marry her?" she asked,  
plied, in his something pity. "She, Isabel,  
was his wife; who was Barbara? Nothing  
to them?" But it had all come to pass.  
She had brought it forth. Not Mr. Carlyle;  
not Barbara; she alone. Oh, the dreadful  
misery of the retrospect.

Lost in thought, in anguish past and  
present, in self-condemning repentance, the time  
passed on. Nearly an hour must have  
elapsed since Mr. Carlyle's departure, and  
William had not disturbed her. But—  
who was this, coming into the room? Joyce.  
She hastily rose up, as Joyce, advancing  
with a quiet step, drew aside the clothes to  
look at William. "Master says he has been  
wanting me," she observed. "Why—oh!"

"My lady, it was that night when there  
was an alarm of fire. I went close up to  
you to take Master Archibald from your  
arms; and as sure as I am now standing  
here, I believe that for the moment my see-  
saw left me. I thought I saw a spectre—the  
spectre of my dead lady. I forgot the pres-  
ent; I forgot all that was standing round  
me; that you, Madame Vine, were alive  
before me. Your face was not disguised  
then: the moonlight shone full upon it, and  
I knew it after the first few moments of  
terror, to be, in dreadful truth, the living  
one of Lady Isabel. My lady, come away!  
We shall have Mr. Carlyle here."

Poor thing! She sank upon her knees,  
in her humility, her dread. "Oh, Joyce,  
have pity upon me! I don't betray me. I  
will leave the house; indeed I will. Don't  
betray me while I am in it!"

"My lady, you have nothing to fear from  
me. I have kept the secret buried within  
my breast since then. Last April! It has  
been nearly too much for me. By night  
and by day I have had no peace, dreading  
what might come out. Think of the awful  
confusion, the consequences, should it come  
to the knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle.  
Indeed, my lady, you never ought to have  
come!"

"Joyce," she said, hollowly, lifting her  
haggard face, "I could not keep away from  
my unhappy children. Is it not punishment  
to me, think you, the being here?" she ad-  
ded, vehemently. "To see him—my hus-  
band—the husband of another! It is kill-  
ing me!"

"Oh, my lady, come away! I hear him;  
I hear him!"

Partly coaxing, partly dragging her,  
Joyce took her into her own room, and left  
her there. Mr. Carlyle was at that moment  
at the door of the sick one. Joyce sprang  
forward. Her face, in her emotion and  
fear, was one of livid whiteness, and she  
shook as William had shaken, poor child,  
in the afternoon. It was only too appar-  
ent in the well-lighted corridor.

"Joyce," he exclaimed, in amazement,  
"what all this?"

"Sir! master!" she panted, "be prepared.  
Master William—Master William!"

"Joyce! Not dead?"

"Alas, yes, sir!"

Mr. Carlyle strode into the chamber.  
But ere he was well across it, turned back  
to sidle the bolt of the door. On the pillow  
lay the white, thin face, at rest now.

"My boy! my boy! Oh, God!" he mur-  
mured, in bowed reverence, "mayest Thou  
have received this child to rest in Jesus!  
Even as I trust, Thou hast already received  
his unhappy mother!"

(To be continued in our next.)

# FACING DEATH.

BY MAC.

The weather had been dirty for several  
days. As the heavens were obscured, no  
observation could be taken, and we had  
been obliged to sail by "dead reckoning,"  
that is, we guessed our position from the log.  
Dead-reckoning is not a very satisfactory  
mode of ascertaining a vessel's position, and  
as the navigation of this part of our voyage  
was rather difficult, the poor captain was  
continually glancing heavenwards, to try to  
get a peep at the sun; but, as I have said,  
for days together there was nothing to be  
seen but heavy masses of clouds or banks of  
foggy drizzle. We steamed along, half-  
blind, a very strict look-out being kept.  
There was one wild rocky point which the  
skipper was very anxious to give as wide a  
berth as possible, and to make sure of this,  
as he thought, he instructed the officers to  
make a great allowance in the steering.  
We should have made land by this time,  
but hitherto none had been sighted.

When I turned in for my watch below,  
the crew was getting up, and I noticed the  
captain and chief officer on the bridge, in  
very earnest consultation.

"There will be a gale blowing shortly,"  
thought I, as I turned into my bunk, in  
order to snatch four hours' sleep, if possible.

I fell into a profound slumber as soon as  
I had put my head down. Just as four  
bells (2 A. M.) were being struck, I was  
hurriedly roused by the entrance of the  
chief engineer. His face was blanched with  
horror, and his tongue fastened, as he roused  
me up.

"Get up, Thompson! get up for God's  
sake! We are going ashore, man, and there's  
an awful gale blowing, and the cursed thing  
is that there's something got loose in the  
engine—something down below out of sight—  
and if it is not tightened up at once, she will  
tear herself into bits."

"Why don't you stop her, then, and see  
what is wrong?" I asked, half angrily.  
"You only had two hours below—that's four  
bells just gone."

"Stop her!" said the chief; "we can't!  
The engine must be kept going to hold her  
head to the sea, and keep way on her. We  
are drifting on a lee shore, in a gale, and if  
we turn broadside to the sea, or if the en-  
gine breaks down altogether, we'll be among  
the rocks and the foam in ten minutes."

I now sprang out of my bunk, and, hat-  
tily dressed. While I was doing so, the  
chief explained the situation more fully.  
Some one must go down and put things to  
rights, or all would perish. The difficulties  
and dangers of the task consisted in the fact  
that it must be accomplished while the en-  
gine was going, and all the while the ship  
was tumbling and kicking about in a most  
desperate fashion. Then, again, the engines  
were "racing" every few minutes—i. e.,  
when the propeller was raised out of the  
water, the engine went at a terrific pace,  
owing to the resistance being removed. It  
was not pleasant to dive down into that hot  
hole among frantic machinery—the ship  
jumping and tumbling about—and nothing  
to grasp but hot, slippery, oily iron, or steel  
bars—nothing to tread on but slippery iron  
gratings.

The chief was too old and stiff to go  
down; besides, as he remarked, he had a  
wife and children, etc., etc. He also re-  
marked that I was not in that position.  
Further, he stated that I knew well enough  
that the third engineer had been ill for  
days, and now the fourth (who was a new  
hand) was either afraid or sea-sick—he said  
he latter.

Would I go down?

That was the question.

I thought of the bonnie lassie who had  
put her arms tenderly round my neck and  
kissed me when I said good-bye; I recalled  
the beautiful, tender glance of her loving blue  
eyes, and the tone of her sweet, thrilling  
voice, as she said:

"Oh, Willie, take good care of yourself  
for my sake!"

Then I thought of my being hushed and  
mangled among the machinery below.

That girl was my betrothed wife, and her  
father had promised to bless our union when  
I was a chief engineer, but not till she  
and I were married. I knew him to be a man of  
his word, and I knew him to be a dutiful and  
obedient daughter; and so we waited and  
waited.

The chief seemed to guess what was pass-  
ing in my mind, for he held out his hand,  
and said:

"If you manage this job, Willie, I'll  
back out—I've saved enough now—I'm  
tired of going to sea—and you'll be chief  
engineer next voyage. There is my hand  
on it."

I grasped his hand—I knew that I was  
sure of the first vacancy that occurred, and  
I knew also that old Craigton would keep  
his promise.

I braced myself up, but still I felt a chill  
run through me, and my heart throbbed in  
my throat for a minute.

But I felt as if this were my chance to  
obtain possession of Jeanie. It was the old  
feeling of chivalry—doing a daring deed  
for a woman.

I stood on deck for a minute or two.  
The screaming blast of wind and the heavy  
clouds of spray acted like tonics. I soon  
gained complete self-possession, and de-  
scended to my desperate work. Old Craig-  
ton stood by to choke off the steam when  
the engine began to race.

I had even less mercy to expect than in a  
lion's den. Taking my life into my hand, I  
descended to the depths—with the vision of  
a fair woman before me.

Soon I was in the midst of the turmoil—  
slipping, grasping, gasping, panting, per-  
spiring at every pore. Sometimes my head  
began to reel, but by a strong effort I stea-  
died myself. The whole thing was like a  
hideous nightmare.

A few minutes sufficed to enable me to  
detect the mischief—and I saw at once that  
it could be remedied, and also that it was  
quite time that it should be. A few min-  
utes more, and the nut would have been off  
altogether, and the engine would then have  
torn herself to pieces in two strokes. Brac-  
ing all my energies, I succeeded in apply-  
ing my screw-key again and again. It re-  
quired great quickness of hand to seize  
the second of time in which a turn could be  
given. I now found the value of my Clyde  
training. On the Clyde, an engineer is  
taught all about the parts of an engine—he  
learns to do it all that requires to be done  
in case of breakdown. I now felt the value  
of this broad engineering education.

At length I succeeded in making all  
tight—just as my head began to swim, and  
my sight began to grow indistinct. How I  
managed to climb and scramble up again I  
scarcely know. Old Craigton and one of  
the firemen hauled me up part of the way  
by catching hold of my coat-collar. When  
I got on deck, I fainted and fell.

But now the engine could be worked  
freely, and I was utterly exhausted; my  
nerves were quite unstrung. But I got my  
reward.

When we came into port the passengers  
gave me a dinner and presented me with a  
watch, and I was fêted and flattered till  
my head was nearly turned. The chief and  
the captain spoke well for me, and I was  
appointed chief engineer to a new steamer  
which the company had just launched.

I would not tell you all that we said and  
looked when we met—not for the world, for  
Jeanie then would never forgive me.

Well, I'll say this. When I clasped her  
in my arms, and felt her arms tightening  
round me, and when I felt her hot tears—  
well, well! Jeanie, I'll say no more.

We were man and wife when I came  
home from my first voyage as chief;  
and in a few years the company gave me a  
good ship, and shore, with a snug salary.

So I'll go to sea no more.  
And these are the bairns, two laddies and  
three lassies.

# HUNTING WITH THE LASSO.

Some years ago the captain of an Ameri-  
can frigate, bound for San Francisco, deter-  
mined to make the experiment of hunting  
with the lasso, but his success was by no  
means decisive. The captain had, it ap-  
pears, by constant practice on board the  
ship, while making the long and tiresome  
voyage round the Horn, acquired very con-  
siderable proficiency in the use of the lasso,  
and was able, at twenty or thirty paces, to  
throw the noose over the head of the negro  
cook at almost every throw. So confident had  
he become in his skill that, on his arrival  
upon the coast of California, he employed a  
guide; and, mounted upon a well-trained  
horse, with his lasso properly coiled and  
ready for use, he morning set out for the  
mountains, with the firm resolve of hanging  
a few grizzlies before night.

He had not been out a great while before  
he encountered one of the largest specimens  
of the mighty beast, whose terrific aspect  
amazed him not a little; but, as he had come  
out with the firm determination to capture a  
grizzly, in direct opposition to the advice of  
his guide, he resolved to show him that he  
was equal to the occasion. Accordingly, he  
seized his lasso, and riding up near the ani-  
mal, gave it several rapid whirle about his  
head in the most artistic manner, and sent  
the noose directly across the bear's neck at  
the very first cast; but the animal, instead  
of taking to his heels and endeavoring to  
escape, as he had anticipated, very dis-  
tinctly set upon his haunches, facing his  
adversary, and commenced making a very  
careful examination of the rope. He turned  
his head from one side to the other in look-  
ing at it; he felt with his paws, and scruti-  
nized it very closely, as if it was something  
he could not comprehend.

In the mean time, the officer turned his  
horse in the opposite direction, and com-  
menced applying the rowels to his side most  
vigorously, so that he was obliged to stop  
that he was to choke the animal to death,  
and drag him off in triumph; but, to his  
astonishment, the horse, with his utmost  
efforts, did not seem to advance. The great  
strain upon the lasso, however, began to  
choke the bear so much that he soon became  
enraged, and gave the rope several violent  
slaps, first with one paw and then with the  
other; but, finding that this did not relieve  
him, he seized the lasso with both paws, and  
commenced pulling at it, hand over hand,  
or rather paw over paw, and bringing with  
it the horse and rider that were attached to  
the opposite extremity. The officer re-  
doubled the application of both whip and  
spur, but it was of no avail—he had evi-  
dently "caught a Tartar," and in spite of  
all efforts of his horse, he backed rather  
than advanced.

In this intensely-exciting and critical  
situation, the officer found himself steadily  
backing towards the frightful monster, who  
sat up with his eyes glaring like balls of  
fire, his huge mouth wide open and frothing  
with rage, and sending forth the most terri-  
ble and deep-toned roars. He now for the  
first time felt seriously alarmed, and cried  
out vociferously for his guide to come to the  
rescue. The latter responded promptly,  
rode up, cut the lasso, and extricated the  
amateur huntsman from his perilous posi-  
tion. He was much rejoiced at his escape,  
and, in reply to the inquiry of his guide as  
to whether he desired to continue the hunt,  
he said that it was getting so late that he  
believed he would capture no more grizzlies  
that day.

# "NOT LONG."

BY ELIAS M.

"To have something to be patient,  
To suffer and still be strong—  
To sing, when the 'old life's shadows' stay,  
Hope's beautiful morning song  
Even though an angel whisper be,  
Not long, poor soul! not long!"

"Not long till the clouds be lifted,  
Till the shadows pass away;  
Not long till the sun shall shine again,  
On a happier, brighter day—  
Till the sun be rendered powerless,  
Now lifted but to slay!"

"To have for us all to carry  
While journeying up and down  
The sun and moon, the heavy cross,  
Who would not make our journey  
To look for the smiles of a grateful world,  
And get but its thankless frown!"

Let us take up the angel's whisper:  
Let us echo the heavenly song,  
The song of joy and peace and love  
We mingled with ill and wrong.  
Now shall we "know as we know now,"  
Not long, poor soul! not long!"

# AGNES.

BY WILLIAM VINCENT.

I had gone through fire to save her. To  
do that, I needed no other incentive than a  
woman's cry for help. But when I had  
borne her safely from the burning wreck,  
and had seen the full glory of her beauty, all  
sweat and blister as I was, I would have  
braved the perils of a pathway sevenfold  
more fiery, to keep and call my own a trea-  
sure so precious.

It was one of those fearful railroad colli-  
sions, in which a tremendous shock and  
crash, followed by bursting flames and  
shrieks of agony and terror, are all the  
mind has time to note; nor is much more  
ever known about them beyond the names  
of the killed and wounded, and the fact that  
nobody was to blame.

My charge had fainted in my arms, when  
an elderly gentleman, one of the fortunate  
few who had escaped unhurt, rushed excite-  
dly to the spot, and relieved me of my burden.

"Agnes! dearest Agnes!" he wildly ex-  
claimed, kissing her fainting features in an  
ecstasy of grief, which changed to one of  
joy as she revived and assured him of her  
perfect safety.

The elderly gentleman was the rich Mr.  
Claremont. I knew him by sight, but not  
otherwise. He had lately, rumor said, mar-  
ried a young and beautiful wife, whose  
father he was old enough to be.

He was doubtless his charming wife's life I had  
just saved. My romantic dreams—for I  
had had time to dream such, short as was  
the interval—were dissipated into thin air.  
I certainly bore the old gentleman no ill-  
will; but had his name appeared in the  
list of killed or mortally wounded the next  
morning, I think I could have summoned  
fortitude enough to stand it.

"Accept my most heartfelt thanks, sir,"  
said Mr. Claremont, warmly pressing my  
hand. "You have placed me under an obli-  
gation I can never repay. But this is not  
the time or the place for words. Hereafter,  
under my own roof, where I expect to see  
you a frequent guest, I hope to make more  
fruitful acknowledgment of the debt I owe to  
the preserver of my—"

But there was enough for those to do who  
were not disinclined to afford succor to  
those who were; and Mr. Claremont, leav-  
ing his speech unfinished, hastened to offer  
his services where they were most needed.  
I felt it my duty to do likewise, and soon we  
were both busy ministering, as best we could,  
to the wants of those who had been less  
fortunate than ourselves.

Before we parted, Mr. Claremont took my  
name and address, and exacted from me a  
promise to pay him a visit shortly. I could  
not help wondering if he would have been  
quite as cordial had he known the exact  
state of my mind at that moment. If he  
had known it, and had nevertheless pressed  
his invitation with the same urgency, he  
would certainly have deserved the commen-  
dation due to "one not easily jealous."

It was many weeks before I could decide  
to trust myself in the presence of her who  
had so completely led me captive. It was  
very well, I knew, to entertain the feel-  
ing I did. Had I known she was another's  
wife at the time I bore her, sheltered in my  
arms, through flame and smoke, a timely  
remembrance of what is said in the cate-  
chism against "coveting" might have put  
me on my guard; but I didn't know it until  
some minutes afterwards, and it was then  
too late.

Mr. Claremont was absent when I called;  
but Agnes—for so I ventured to call her—  
was there, waiting to receive me. She did  
it graciously, and with a ray flush on her  
face, which made me feel how sorely I had  
overtaken my strength in venturing once  
more within the sphere of her dazzling and  
dangerous beauty.

I had resolved once again to feast my  
eyes on her surpassing loveliness, and then,  
flying to some distant land, to spend the  
rest of my days in secret adoration of the  
idol I was forbidden openly to worship. No  
one—least of all she—should ever know  
the pang I suffered. But alas, for good  
intentions!

"I have not before had an opportunity to  
thank you for saving my life," said Agnes,  
after we were seated, accompanying the  
words with a look which I would have  
thought cheaply purchased with my own  
life ten times over.

"The act was its own recompense," I  
stammered, with a vague apprehension that  
I might as well have followed the copy and  
said, "Virtue is its own reward."

We were both silent for some moments.

"Being on the eve of leaving the coun-  
try," I mustered courage to say, "I have  
taken the liberty—that is, I have done my-  
self the honor—"

"Shall you be long absent?" she inquired,  
coming to my relief.

"I expect never to return!" I answered,  
dolefully.

She looked shocked, I thought, and  
turned pale.

"I am sorry," at length she said, with a  
perceptible quiver in her voice; "we had  
counted on seeing so much of you, and the  
disappointment is so unexpected."

The tender glance with which she spoke  
these words, the half-formed tear that glist-  
ened in her eye, and the tremulous music  
of her tones, were too much for my heart.  
I would tell her all, and fly—fly from her, from my-  
self, from everything but the despair of my  
hopeless passion!

"Agnes!" I exclaimed, throwing myself  
at her feet, and clasping her hand, "I love  
you dearly, madly! The fervor of my pas-  
sion is consuming my very life. I know it  
is hopeless, but—"

What could be the meaning of the blushes  
that mounted to the very roots of her hair,  
and of the gentle pressure with which her  
trembling hand returned that of my own?  
Was it that, instead of being spurned, my  
unworthy avowal had met with a kindred  
one in her own breast? Would she fly  
with me? for, in my frenzy, I was now pre-  
pared even for that.

I was recalled from my rhapsody by Ag-  
nes starting up in confusion, and looking  
about. I saw Mr. Claremont, whose entrance  
we had both been too much occupied to ob-  
serve, standing supervising the scene with a  
smile that proved him at once the most hos-  
pitable of hosts and complaisant of hus-  
bands.

"I fear my intrusion is a little inopportu-  
ne," he remarked, with a quizzical look.

"Mr. Vincent has called to bid good-  
bye, father," said Agnes, "before leaving  
the country."

"Father?" I exclaimed, in perfect bewil-  
derment; "you—you don't mean to tell me  
he is your father?"

"Why, what else should I be?" was the  
question with which Mr. Claremont took it  
upon himself to answer my own. "But I'm  
afraid," he continued, "you hadn't done  
saying 'good-bye,' so I'll leave you to  
finish it," whereupon he withdrew.

Well, I didn't finish saying it. The fact  
is, I suddenly discovered there was no ne-  
cessity at all for going away. What I did  
say to Agnes, and what she said in return,  
is nobody's business but our own. Suffice it  
to say, it was perfectly satisfactory on both  
sides.

# A REMINDER.

BY ELLEN WHEELER.

Is there anything in this world more ag-  
gravating, I wonder, than being a reminder?  
You don't know what I mean, probably, but  
I will endeavor to explain myself.

The expression must have been some-  
times, to remind him, or her, of somebody.  
After a fifteen minutes' chat, I am always  
informed that I bear a striking resemblance  
to a certain lady.

"How very much you resemble my  
cousin!"—You remind me forcibly of my  
sister."—You seem so much like a friend of  
mine."—You are remarkably like one of  
my acquaintances."—I wonder if you are  
related to Miss Smith? You seem so much  
like her, I think you must be." have be-  
come familiar phrases to my ears. I have  
become in a measure resigned, and should  
rejoice to feel disappointed if I were to meet a  
stranger who failed to say something of the  
kind.

And yet it is aggravating, as I said before,  
to be a reminder. Everybody considers it  
so, I believe; but when I come to think of  
it dispassionately, I wonder why they should.

There is always a chance that the stranger  
friend, sister, cousin, acquaintance, or Miss  
Smith, may be enchanting, lovely, agree-  
able, and charming, and that it is a high  
compliment which we have received. We  
ought to give ourselves the benefit













Robt. Jarvis C. Walker,  
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### LOW SPIRITS.

A distinguished lexicographer after defining "blue" as "one of the seven original colors" gives a second definition, to wit: "low spirits; contracted from blue-devil—a cant phrase for depression." Now blue is the color of gloom, and one would suppose that the melancholy mind would naturally "be of the darkest color," and yet the association is quite in keeping, for the man who feels the "blues" deepest and suffers the most from low spirits are naturally the most joyful and humorous people. They have a keen sense of the ludicrous, and the natural accompaniment thereof is a quick sensibility to the sorrowful.

"Tears and laughter closely are allied,  
And their passions do their homelike divide."

That is the law of compensation, the swing of the pendulum; the higher you ascend in your joy, the lower you are cast down in your sorrow. Perhaps the reason why persons of great humor and exuberant lightness of heart are saddened and oppressed by periods of gloom—have "the blues"—is that otherwise they would have no proper pity or sympathy for their less fortunate and suffering neighbors, and could not, indeed, understand the sad side of human nature, for the eye never sees so clearly as when dimmed by a tear.

Many are the causes which produce low spirits. Primarily, ill health will eat away the brightness of a man's spirit as well as as surely as the strength of his body; suffering and mental gloominess are old acquaintances—they hunt in couples. Bitter memories of old sins, feelings of remorse for broken time and rash feelings, often fill the mind with foreboding. Failure in business, loss of property, bad times, or the fear of these things bring on the dark days, and there is sure to come with them their unpleasant shadow, "the blues." Unrequited love; sometimes laugh at the very thought of a young man, "having all the world before him," yet goes about sighing like a furnace. It seems very ridiculous, very absurd and laughable, but it is no laughing matter to the victim. Let us remember, however, that "lamentations awake not the dead," and whatever the cause be, whether arising as that of the disappointed lover, or more serious, earnest and real, as the loss of reputation, friends or property, we are all, to a greater or less extent, victims of "the blues," and should strive to keep off low spirits and an overpowering gloom, remembering that there are those who love us, and that this beautiful world is not all desolate.

### ICELAND.

BY H. P.

When we look on the map of Europe and see the island of Iceland, a truly significant name—just outside of the Polar circle, we wonder that any people can be found willing to remain in so bleak and inclement a spot, when the earth offers so many friendly climates and fertile soils for human habitation.

Perhaps, in order to satisfy our curiosity, we open our books to see what hidden charms this island of ice possesses, that chains its inhabitants to its frigid soil, but we find none. On the contrary, as if the danger of being frozen stiff was not sufficient, Iceland adds to it the chances of being overwhelmed with earthquakes, buried in lava, burnt up with volcanic fire, and smothered in death in vast springs of boiling water. All the dangers to which men are liable are concentrated in Iceland, without any of the advantages which recompense the inhabitants of other portions of the earth. A Neapolitan or Sicilian may be in danger from Etna or Vesuvius, but he has a delightful climate, and a fruitful soil to console him while he is allowed to live. The Esquimaux are in continual peril of freezing and of starvation, but volcanoes and earthquakes strike no fear to their hearts. But Iceland combines all the disadvantages that can arise from living on a globe of fluid fire and Polar snow. And yet, we are told, its people love to live there, and grow home-sick when absent. Truly, human nature is a curious thing, and great is the power of habit.

For three centuries Iceland was the abode of a highly-cultivated people, who contracted very favorably with the better classes of continental Europe, and strange to say, they were especially fond of poetry, and their descendants are so to this day. They had a kind of independent republic, with a President, which lasted for three centuries—three times as long as ours has yet lasted. Only as the result of war did the government pass into the hands of Norway, and then of Denmark.

But it is fair to say that the Iceland of old times, centuries ago, was not so bleak and inclement a place as it is now. At that time, when Greenland got its vegetation, before the wall of ice had settled along its coast, it is said that crops would grow in Iceland. About the beginning of the fifteenth century the change in the climate began, and towards the close of that century, a pestilence carried off nearly two-thirds of the population. To add to their misfortunes, pirates desolated their coasts, killing and burning, and carrying off the inhabitants to be sold as slaves. Even two centuries later we read of these pirates, the marauders being French, English and Algerians. Then, in the eighteenth century,

there was another pestilence—the small-pox—which swept off 16,000 persons; and, to add to this, from the unusual inclemency of the winters for six years, a famine, in which 10,000 perished; then the small-pox again, with 10,000 more deaths; and in 1783 a most terrible volcanic eruption, with earthquakes and streams of lava, showers of ash and stone, with frightful noise, and a thick cloud of smoke, which enveloped everything for nearly a whole year.

And yet people kept on living in Iceland! The Icelanders are and were a moral and virtuous as well as an intelligent people. They were Christians, too, and pious, and while we hardly can expect the laws of nature to be overruled in such cases, so that volcanoes will not belch forth their sultry rancor, fire and north winds freeze, still we do wonder that some good man was not inspired to lead forth his people from a bondage to the elements, which seems to us worse than that of Egypt.

As to the pestilence, travelers say now that warmth is the sole thing sought after in an Icelandic dwelling, and that ventilation is not even thought of, so that a fit atmosphere is prepared for the growth and spread of virulent diseases. And the Icelanders, even to this day, are not scientific. Poetry, and the languages, and history, are their delight, and they have ample time for these, in the long winter evenings, when little work can be done. Perhaps it is these long evenings which cause the natives to love Iceland.

When the moral conflict between Heathenism and the new religion, Christianity, was raging in Iceland, about the year 1000, the National Assembly met to consider the matter. While the Assembly was in session, debating the proposition to establish the religion of Christ in place of that of Odin, a messenger sprung into the room, announcing that fire had burst from the earth in the northern portion of the island, and was carrying destruction before its flaming wrath. "It is the vengeance of the offended gods!" cried the party of Odin. But Snorro, the Christian leader, pointed to the marks of volcanic fire all around their place of meeting, and said, "What reason had your gods for anger when these rocks were burning?" This turned the scale again in favor of the Christians, the debate went on, and Christianity became the established religion of Iceland.

One curious custom they have in this curious land of ice and volcanoes, which I do not remember to have read of in any other portion of the world. Every farmer or householder is obliged by law to receive and support his own destitute relations. The expense thus incurred amounts often to twenty or thirty times the sum of his public taxes, when he is sensitive as to receiving those relatives into his family. Even this custom, however, does not drive the Icelanders from their native soil, which I think is about the strongest proof I have given yet of the love of country of this singular people. An ice-land with volcanoes, earthquakes, and poor relations—surely Iceland may take the prize over all other countries for combining all the disadvantages!

### THE HEAVY BURDEN.

BY A. N.

"Rather a heavy burden, isn't it, my boy?"

Clarence Spencer, to whom the words had been addressed, turned from the ledger, and looked towards the speaker. Clarence was a young man—not more than five and twenty—and was looking keener than Mr. Solomon Wardle. He was Solomon Wardle, a pleasant-faced, keen-eyed man of fifty, who had spoken.

"A heavy burden, isn't it, Clarence?" the merchant repeated.

And still the young man was silent. His looks indicated that he did not comprehend. He had been for some time bending over the ledger with his thoughts far away; and that his thoughts were not pleasant ones, was evident enough from the gloom on his handsome face.

"My dear boy, the burden is not only heavy now, but it will grow heavier and heavier as you grow older," said Mr. Wardle, who did not comprehend you.

"Ah, Clarence?"

"I certainly do not."

"Didn't I call at your house for you this morning?"

"And didn't I see and hear enough to reveal to me the burden that you look with you when you left? You must remember, my boy, that I am older than you are, and that I have been through the mill. You find your burden heavy, and I have no doubt that Sarah's heart is as heavily laden as your own."

And then Clarence Spencer understood; and the morning's scene was present with him, as it had been present with him since leaving home. On that morning he had had a dispute with his wife. It had occurred at the breakfast table. There is no need of reproducing the scene. Suffice it to say that it had come of a mere nothing, and had given to a cause of anger. The first had been a look and a tone; then a flash of impatience, then a rising of the voice, then another look, the voice rose higher; reason was unheeded; passion gained away; and the twin light of the warm, enduring love that lay smitten and aching deep down in their hearts, and felt for the time only the passing storm. And Clarence remembered that Mr. Wardle had entered the house, and caught a sign of the storm.

And Clarence Spencer thought of one thing more—he thought how miserably unhappy he had been all the morning; and he knew not how long his burden of unhappiness was to be borne.

"Honestly, Clarence, isn't it a heavy and thankless burden?"

The book-keeper knew that his employer was his friend, and that he was a true-hearted Christian man; and after a brief pause he answered—"Yes, Mr. Wardle, it is a heavy burden."

"My boy, I am going to venture upon a bit of fatherly counsel. I hope I shall not offend."

"Not at all," said Clarence. He winced a little, as though the probing gave him new pain.

"In the first place," pursued the old man, "you love your wife, don't you?"

"Love her? Yes, passionately."

"And do you think she loves you in return?"

"I don't think anything about it—I know."

"You know she loves you?"

"Yes."

"Then you must admit that the trouble of this morning came from no ill-feeling at heart?"

"Of course not."

"It was but a surface squall, for which you, at least, are very sorry?"

A moment's hesitation, and then—"Yes, yes; I am heartily sorry."

"Now, mark me, Clarence, and answer honestly.—Don't you think your wife is as sorry as you are?"

"I cannot doubt it."

"And don't you think she is suffering all this time?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Let that pass. You know she is bearing her part of the burden?"

"Yes—I know that."

"And now, my boy, do you comprehend where the heaviest part of this burden is lodged?"

Clarence looked upon his interlocutor wonderingly.

"If the storm had all blown over, and you knew that the sun would shine when you next entered your home, you would not feel so unhappy?"

Clarence assented.

"But," continued Mr. Wardle, "you fear that she is bearing her part of the burden when you return?"

The young man bowed his head as he murmured an affirmative.

"Because," the merchant added, with a touch of parental sternness in his tone, "you are resolved to carry it there?"

Clarence looked up in surprise.

"I—I carry it?"

"Aye—you have the burden in your heart, and you mean to carry it home. Remember, my boy, I have been there, and I know all about it. I have been very foolish in my lifetime, and I have suffered. I suffered until I discovered my folly, and then I resolved that I would suffer no more. Upon looking the matter squarely and honestly in the face, I found that the burden which had so galled me had been self-imposed. Of course such burdens can be thrown off. Now you have resolved that you will go home to your dinner with a heavy heart and a dark face. You have no hope that your wife will meet you with a smile. And why? Because you know that she has no particular cause for smiling. You know that her heart is burdened with the affliction which gives you so much unrest. And so you are fully assured that you are to find your home shrouded in gloom. And, furthermore, you don't know when that gloom will depart, and when the blessed sunshine of love will burst in again. And why don't you know? Because it is not you in your heart to sweep the cloud away. You say to yourself, 'I can bear it as long as I can.' Am I not right?"

Clarence did not answer in words.

"I know I am right," pursued the merchant, "and very likely your wife is saying to herself the same thing. So your hope of sunshine does not rest upon the willingness to forgive, but upon the inability to bear the burden. By-and-by it will happen, as it has happened before, that one of the twain will surrender from exhaustion; and it will be likely to be the weaker party. Then there will be a collapse, and a reconciliation. Clearly the wife falls first beneath the gallows, because her love is keener and most sensitive. The husband, in such cases, acts the part of a coward. When he might, with a breath, blow the cloud away, he cringes and cowers, until his wife is forced to let the sunlight in through her breaking heart."

Clarence listened, and was troubled. He saw the truth, and he felt its weight. He was not a fool, nor was he a liar. During the silence that followed, he reflected upon the past, and he called to his mind scenes just such as Mr. Wardle had depicted. And this brought him to the remembrance of how he had seen his wife weep when she had failed and sunk beneath the heavy burden, and how often she had sobbed upon his bosom in grief for the error.

The merchant read the young man's thoughts; and after a time he arose and touched him upon the arm.

"Clarence, suppose you were to put on your hat and go home now. Suppose you should think, on your way, only of the love and blessing that might be; and, with this thought, you should enter your abode with a light heart; and you should put your arms round your wife's neck, and kiss her, and softly say to her, 'My darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear.' Suppose you were to do this, would your wife repulse you?"

"Repulse me?"

"Ah, my boy, you echo my words with an amazement which shows that you understand. Now, sir, have you the courage to try the experiment? Have you the courage of a man? Or do you fear to let your dear wife know how much you love her? Do you fear she would respect and esteem you less for the deed? Tell me—do you think the cloud of unhappiness might thus be banished? Oh, Clarence, if you would but try it!"

Sarah Spencer had finished her work in the kitchen, and in the bed-chamber, and had sat down with her work in her lap. But she could not ply her needle. Her heart was heavy and sad, and tears were in her eyes.

Presently she heard the front door open, and a step in the passage. Certainly she knew that step! Yes—her husband entered. And a smile upon his face. She saw it through her gathering tears, and her heavy heart leaped up. And he came and put his arms around her neck, and kissed her, and he said to her, in broken accents, "Darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear."

And she, trying to speak, pillowed her head upon his bosom, and sobbed and wept like a child. Oh! could he forgive her? His coming with the blessed offering had thrown the whole burden of reproach back upon herself. She saw him noble and generous, and she worshipped him.

But Clarence would not allow her to take all the blame. He must share that.

"We will share it so evenly," said he, "that its weight shall be felt no more. And now, my darling, we will be happy?"

"Alas!"

Mr. Wardle had no need, when Clarence returned to the counting-house, to ask the result. He could read it in the young man's brimming eye, and in his joy-inspired face.

It was a year after this—and Clarence Spencer had become a partner in the house—that Mr. Wardle, by accident, referred to the events of that gloomy morning.

"Ah," said Clarence, with a swelling bosom, "that was the most blessed lesson I ever received. My wife knows how I gave it to me."

"And it serves you yet, my boy?"

"Aye; and it will serve us while we live. We have none of those old burdens of anger to bear now. They cannot find lodgment with us. The flash and jar may come, as in the other days—for we are but human, you know—but the heart, which has firmly resolved not to give an abiding place to ill-feeling, will not be called upon to entertain it. Sometimes we are foolish, but we laugh at our folly when we see it, and throw it off—we do not nurse it till it becomes a burden."

### BEWARE!

BY H. E. R.

I know a youth who can flirt and flatter—  
Take care!

He loves with the tongue and guile and chatter—  
Beware! beware!

Trust him not—  
He is fooling thee!

He has a voice of varying tones—  
Take care!

He coaxes many, beside this one—  
Beware! beware!

Trust him not—  
He is fooling thee!

He has a hand that is soft and white—  
Take care!

He pressed another than this last night—  
Beware! beware!

Trust him not—  
He is fooling thee!

His letters are glowing with love, I ween—  
Take care!

One-half that he writes he does not mean—  
Beware! beware!

Trust him not—  
He is fooling thee!

He talks of truth, and of deep devotion—  
Take care!

Of loving truly he has no notion—  
Beware! beware!

Trust him not—  
He is fooling thee!

Your heart he will gain with his dangerous wiles—  
Take care!

Of his whispered words, and his sighs, and his smiles,  
Beware! beware!

Trust him not—  
He is fooling thee!

### NEW GARMENTS.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

In these gala days of the year, when the earth, like a matron renewing her youth at some fabled fountain, puts on fresh robes and decks herself in brighter colors, we begin to think.

Not always of last year's robe and mantle folded away in a drawer with bags of sweet scented stuffs, nor of that crown of womanly delights—a bonnet—which may perhaps be remodelled to suit the prevailing fashion; not always of the outside adornments which look so fresh and pretty when the owner's face is fresh and pretty also; but of fairer robes and more beautiful garments which Dame Fashion cannot change to suit her own capricious taste.

There are new garments that we all look at with indifference, no matter how rare or costly the material; if the wearer's face be dull with disappointed vanity, or limed with lines of haughtiness or of ill-will to her neighbor, or darkened a shade by deceit, or overgrown with craftiness, or inlaid with mock modesty; what difference does it make to us what kind of garment she trails through the dust of the world's ways? But women with sweet faces, all aglow with modesty and kind thoughts, and tender impulses breaking through; with lofty desires shining on their white foreheads, where God seems to have set His seal; with virgin graces, like fair flowers, shedding their fragrance round and about them; at such faces we do care to look and at the garments which enfold them.

One may wear the simple Quaker garb of gray, with the close bonnet shutting in the face too sweet to be subjected to the world's rude stare; another may wear a simpler dress still, with patches here and there to tell of the hour of toil and weariness; at both we look with pleasure, because of the fairer fancies they bring us; of the brighter thought of new garments which never grow old.

One never looks with entire indifference at a group of little children. Each little face and form is a picture to be filled in by imagination.

Their garments to-day are of every hue and shade; this merry girl, that laughing boy; this child that stands shy in the sunlight, that one that wakens the shadowy silence with a shout; faces cold and sullen, faces angry and passionate; eyes full of hope, eyes downcast with fear; faces like flowers that bloom in home gardens; faces that seem already to have lost the freshness of childhood and to have put on the mask of an older life; are not their garments of every color and tinge to-day? But what new garments will they put on?

When to-morrow comes, as a new morning comes in when years go round, what new garments will these children wear?

One must wear a faded gown, perhaps, but over it may fall the shining hem of charity; it may be girdled with prudence and simplicity, and adorned with the jewel of good sense. Will not such a robe outlast a dozen glittering fashions of to-day?

Will it not grow better and brighter the longer it is worn? Will it not enhance the loveliness of the warm day by day? What new garments will they put on for the "white robe" by and by?

### TALK ABOUT HOME.

BY AUNT JANE.

After all, when one comes to think of it, there are not many homes. There are, of course, innumerable places which go by the name of homes, called so for a want of a better designation, or because everybody calls the place where he eats and sleeps "home;" but when you come down to the real and sober fact, homes are comparatively scarce.

A home is a refuge-place from the storms, the fret and worry of life. It is a place where the husband comes as to a sanctuary, where smiles and loving words answer his smiles and loving greetings. It is a place where the wife rests in her benignity and grace; not, it may be, the grace of outward beauty or cultivation, but of true womanhood, where she receives honor and love even as she gives them both. It is a place where children are happier than anywhere else in the world, because there are the cheeriest words, the brightest looks and the kindest acts. Such are not the majority of homes as we find them.

How does it happen that when you see a real home, a light pleasant spot where every one seems to be happy; where if husband and wife have misunderstandings, no one ever knows it; where children seem to be helpful of one another; where laughter and smiles are perpetual guests, why does it strike one as peculiar and noticeable? Simply because there are so few of them.

I will not ask you to think of your own home. Let us indulge in the luxury of talking about our neighbors. There is a place, Mr. Smith's home. What are your ideas about his home? You see him go in at nightfall, looking used up by the wear of the day, and you see him come out of it in the morning as if there had been wear and tear all night. Did you ever see Smith's wife come to the door and stand watching him, and waving a smile to him as he went away?—Not exactly! Did you ever see Smith's boys run down the street to get out of his hands? Possibly you have seen them suddenly disappear as he came in sight.

If you could step in with Mr. Smith, and see there an inviolable presence, I don't believe you would be wholly charmed with the look of things. Possibly the first words of Mr. Smith are directed indefinitely, "What's all this noise about? I don't see why these children are always kicking up such a row." The said children take the hint and more out of the way, not thinking—for which they are pardonable—to say "Good evening" to their father. He soon "settles" them. The family sit down to the evening meal. Mr. Smith feels tired, and don't care to talk. The children have something to say, but they learn long ago that "father" does not care to be bothered with their tales of school, nor to be asked questions about kites and balls. He has forgotten all he ever knew about them, or, indeed, that he ever had them. They, sensibly enough, keep still. On the whole, they have, if not a bad, a very stupid time of it. The family is a company of animals, who feed, and leave when they have had enough.

If the children can get out, they go. Mr. Smith finds occasion to stroll out; or, if staying at home is his choice, he takes a newspaper to read, or dices over it, while Mrs. Smith keeps the children from quarrelling. They do not know precisely what to do with themselves; so they mope about, and are glad to go to bed, though they don't want to go, except to escape the dullness.

Now, this is not a beautiful picture, but it is a very uncommon one. An honest confession would tell of more homes of that sort than of better ones. Are they real homes?

### DAILY LIFE.

BY LAURA SHARP.

Is our daily life what it ought to be—what it might be? Do we not allow petty vexations and trivial things to sour our temper and darken our brow—the impulses of nature to get the better of us? That impatient word just now; you were fretted, but did it make you feel any more pleasant? Those slight and trifling thoughts; they have gone to give their account against you. That witicism at another's expense; you meant no harm, but was it, after all, quite right, and doing just as you would be done by? That supercilious glance; in that awkward form dwells a most beautiful soul. That sarcastic reply; you wounded another's feelings very deeply; could not you have repressed it, though the question seemed foolish and absurd? That quibble; you would have been blamed, but could you not have endured it?

Oh, that any one should ever do anything that conscience smote them for; that they should feel obliged to apologise to themselves for doing it!

That was a noble reply of a little boy when asked to do anything which he was told nobody would ever know—"But I should know myself!"

And then the words that are unspoken, the opportunities neglected which might be productive of so much good. How much evil we do when we might do good! How much reproach we bring upon ourselves by our inconsistencies! How little we practice what we preach! How little we do unto others, what we would that they should do unto us! How selfish we are, and ready to listen to the promptings of self-interest! How we permit little jealousies and animosities to rankle in our hearts, and pride and impotent, to fill it! How little of charity do we feel for an erring brother or sister, as if we never erred ourselves! How imperfect and incongruous are our lives!

And yet we might make of life a most beautiful thing; but it must be our daily life that will do it.

"Little grains of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
And the pleasant land."

So loving words and deeds of kindness, tender sympathies and gentle ministrations, constantly and daily expressed, will make our lives majestic.

Did you never see those that have seemed the very embodiment of goodness, in whose presence there was an attraction irresistible, magical? They have seemed to you like an oasis in a dreary desert-land, like green and fertile spots in a barren waste. You have sighed to be like them, as good and beautiful. You can be, if you will only make the endeavor; you can adorn your soul with such virtues; you can carry with you, wherever you go, the charm most potent.

Many, daily life seems dull and prosaic; but there are passages in it of surpassing loveliness. Did you reply kindly, just now, when spoken harshly to? Did you receive that bitter upbraiding meekly and silently? It was a beautiful thing. Did you deny yourself that others might be made happier thereby? It was laying up treasures for heaven. Did you speak words of sympathy and hopeful cheer to that poor and despondent soul? God will remember and reward. Did you lighten the burden of that weary brother or sister? There shall assistance come down to you from above when you are "weary and heavy laden."

Would that we treasured these opportunities of doing good, and prized them more highly, for they are jewels with which we may adorn our souls with richest grace—goblets from which we may quaff the delicious waters of happiness.

When you have striven earnestly, and felt at its close that the day had been made better by those strivings; when you have overcome some mighty temptation; when you have accomplished something for the good of those around you, what a flood of happiness has filled your soul to overflow! And in the still watches of the night, as we live over in thought the short-comings of the day, we promise earnestly and with tears, that we will do differently.

Let us strive to live that our life's little seed shall have no remorseful shadows hanging over them. Life will then have a new meaning for us; it will become a reality to us, for only as we grow nobler and better do we really live; only as the heart advances in that which is good do the spirit's chariot wheels move on towards the celestial city.

### TWO KINDS.

There are two kinds of girls; one is the kind that appears best abroad, the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, &c., and whose chief delight is in all such things. The other is the kind which appears best at home, the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment to the other; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along the pathway. Now it does not necessarily follow that there shall be two classes of girls. The right modification would modify them both a little, and unite their characters in one.

Truth is simple, requiring neither study nor art.

### NEWS OF INTEREST.

PANORAPHY is the name of a new system of writing by numbers, which, it is asserted, may be used universally, and thus obviate the difficulty of communication between nations of different languages. It is expected to cut quite a figure.

The proprietor of a hotel in Havana offers special attractions to Americans. He announces: "In this establishment set as the European style, receives lodgers which will find an splendid assistance so in eating as in habitation, therefore the master count with the elements necessary."

Hot lemonade is one of the best remedies in the world for a cold. It acts promptly and effectively, and has no unpleasant after-effects. One lemon, properly squeezed, cut in slices, put with half a pint of boiling water. Drink just before going to bed, and do not expose yourself on the following day. This remedy will ward off an attack of the chills and fever if used promptly.

A very pleasant perfume, and also a preventive against miasms, may be made of the following ingredients: Take of cloves, cardamom, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, and toquin beans, each one ounce; then add as much Florentine orris-root as will equal the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole to a fine powder, put it in silk, cotton-filled bags, and place among clothes, and so forth.

The coolest larceny on record recently took place in San Francisco. A young man from the country was riding in a street car, when a man next to him informed him



"I will bring my credentials to you tomorrow, Mr. Onslow," Anthony Collings

[illegible]



## BY ARVID H. JOHNSON.

GRIEF never sleeps; it watches continually like a jealous husband. All the world groans under its sway, and it fears that, by sleeping, its clutch will become loosened, and its prey then escape.

and its prey then escape.

touched by the hand of Time; but those  
 ever-enduring qualities of the heart shall  
 outlive his reign, and grow brighter and  
 fresher as the ages of eternity roll away.

outlive his reign, and grow brighter and  
brasher as the ages of eternity roll away.

GRIEF never sleeps; it watches continually like a jealous husband. All the world groans under its sway, and it fears that, by sleeping, its clutch will become loosened, and its prey then escape.



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It is disgusting to the refined, and abominable  
to the good.

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\_\_\_\_\_

tween his knees, as was his usual custom, and repeated in musing tones, "For better,

"I had been telling him that I had promised, last night, to marry Robert Patterson. Though quite dependent upon my uncle, it was not my way to ask either his advice or his consent to any move I chose to make, and the wedding was to take place within a month.

"I do not like Robert Patterson," he said, "and I feel quite sure that you will not be happy with him. Have you fully made up your mind to marry him?"

"Of course I have, uncle," I answered, and turned away from his old old face.

"He is not worthy of you. Can't you give him up?"

"No, I can't," I replied, spitefully. Then, in milder tones, "I cannot give him up, for he loves me, and I love him."

"It's settled then?" he asked, with a shadow coming over his face, that loving old face that I had so often called weak, and that I knew was plain and rough. "Tell me what your plans are, Bella, and I will do all I can to forward them. Your lot shall not want brightness that your old un-

I did not consult my uncle again; but often in the month that followed, I saw him sitting moody and sorrowful, with his head upon his cane, and the murmured words upon his lips. "For better, for worse," sometimes chilled me like a prediction of evil, for I could not help thinking that he feared the "worse" far more than he hoped for the "better."

And when the month was ended, I became the wife of Robert Patterson, and went away to the new home which was my uncle's wedding gift to me.

I had no forebodings. Never dawns a new life more brightly than mine. Loving, beloved, rich, surrounded by every luxury, there was not a cloud in my sky nor an obstacle in my path. How could there be any?

— *Sarah M. Life*

Ab, the question had first its answer at last. The "better" came at first—a brief, delirious dream of joy which I clung to half unconsciously, and would not wake from, even though the storm began to beat wildly about my head.

My loving old uncle had judged Robert Patterson right. He was an utterly selfish

unpermitted man. When I awoke this time, and was confined to my bed with a lame leg, I was too weak for pleasure and drank and gambled recklessly, and in a few years squandered his own and my fortune, with which I had foolishly attempted to span the yawning gulf of ruin before us. Then, when the final crash came, he disappeared from the scene where he was no longer safe.

And so I sought the first sad chapter of my life. Six years later, I put the seal upon the sepulchre of this sorrowful Past, when I married Robert, a young man, educated, but penniless, in a distant city.

All these years I had lived secluded in my uncle's house. His tender, loving kindness was a great support and comfort to me, and greater still were the infant charms, and the simple, intense love of my little Grace, my only surviving child. With the dear, selfless old man, and the sweet, winning child, I could not be all miserable. In truth, I was happier in these years than I had been in any of my ill-starred marriages.

But when my last sorrowful marriage's death came, that my uncle, now an aged man, was stricken with his last brief illness, and I was beside him to the last. It

But, rather than this, that our living together had been given to the best of friends, but it comforted us when he was gone, as it had seemed him while he remained with us. At last, the chill of other loneliness fell upon us, for we were indeed alone.

Still youthful mistress of all around me and encumbered but by one well-endowed child, my desires were hardly opened to the world again, than I found myself the centre of attraction to fortune-hunters.

My friends expressed great astonishment, when, when I gave my hand to Herbert Bone, and I doubt not, felt chagrined and

wealth, beauty, and the mysterious prestige of a great and undeserved misfortune about me, that I should have wedded with *celad*, and made a nine days' wonder in the glories of a brilliant match. But I thought deliberately, and was happy.

Herbert Moore was the young curate of our parish. Young, I say, for I was thirty-five, and his years just equalled mine. He had no wealth but his great heart, his disciplined intellect, his fervent piety. I loved him as I once thought I loved Robert Paterson; but, oh! how far deeper, more intense love, absorbing, thorough, was this second love.

Each of us had been disciplined in the

And so it has proved. Ten years have I  
known the happy side of Herbert Moore.

♦ ♦ ♦

**PLEASURES OF HOME.**

♦ ♦ ♦

The beneficent ordination of Divine Providence is, that *home* should form our character. The first object of parents should be to make home interesting. It is a bad sign when ever children have to wander from the parental roof for amusement. Provide pleasure for them around their own fireside, and among themselves. The excellent Leigh Richmond pursued this plan; had a museum in his house, and exerted every nerve to interest his little flock. A love of home one of the greatest safeguards in the world to man. Do you ever see men who delight in their own firesides, hailing about in taverns? Implant this sentiment early in a child; it is a mighty preservative against vice.

♦ ♦ ♦

Men willingly believe what they wish to be true.

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## THE BOOBY

Communications relating exclusively to matters of fashion, should be addressed to "Fashion Editor," SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In searching for novelties, since our last article, we are quite surprised at the uniformity that governs the importations and styles of today. Novelty is few and far between, and many of the designs put out earlier in the season by modistes have been rejected by leaders of fashion; so that the accoutrements designed to lead have met with a sudden death-blow.

IN HATS. We find an introduction of the crownless hat, and, while we mention it, we have no idea for an instant that they are to be adopted by women of sense or taste. Perhaps a few of our fashionables, who have become accustomed to them abroad, may don them for a little while; but to say that we stay-at-home are to go about with our hair poked out through the top of our bonnets, is preposterous indeed.

A DESCRIPTION of them will perhaps interest the many, and we will say they are rings of chip or lace, sufficiently large to fit on the top of the head; they are sometimes plainly bound, again they have Chinese silk or lace about them, or scarfs of two colors, and mounted with flowers. These arch across the top, like the climbing rose over the open trellis; and thus they become a hat, void of streamers, drooping veils, loops, caps, or anything like the hat of old.

IN RACQUETS. We find many are determined to maintain them against mantillas, and see many in cashmere and drap de sars, literally covered with jets. Many purchase the racquet neatly made, and trimmed with lace; then purchasing beads, dot the racquet closely all over with loops of the beads, say six beads on a thread in a place. The lace is quite as usually beaded; and the racquet that would cost in a fashionable store \$28 or \$30 can be gotten up in this way for \$15 or \$18.

FAIR. We recently revealed in a choice importation of fans, and found everything one could wish. The medium-sized fan is more sought after than the immensely large one of last season; and those in black silk, delicately painted in colors, are thought to be the choicest fan of the season; and the nicety and rarity of these fans is, they are painted and monogrammed to order.

THE HAIR. As a matter of necessity, if crownless hats are worn, the hair must be worn high; and with the warm weather we see the disposition to coil the hair or arrange it in finger puffs, increases, and the front is loosely waved, with a bow of blue or rose ribbon on the left side, and another to match just back of the top puff in front. Brunettes wear either scarlet ribbons or flowers, and the scarlet vestments, both on the head, and a bouquet for the corsage, are especially recommended.

PICNIC. Are much sought after, and the Marie Antoinette are as ever special favorites. Many of them are in point lace, some in black, and some white, and others in a mixture of ribbon, tulle, and lace. Doubtless, all know the shape, round at the back, and ending in short points in front. It crosses on the breast, and the ends are confined in the belt or are fastened by tiny bouquets.

CHILDREN'S SUITS. were never offered in greater variety than the present season, and so reasonable, too. Those in gray linen, for tiny totties not yet in pants, are made with a slightly fluted skirt, and the waist either a short blouse, belted, or a real sailor waist, with broad collar, either of the linen itself or white line, with a buttoned edge. Larger suits are made with blouse pants and waist, the pants reaching just below the knee; and youths from seven to ten wear jackets and pants—lads of age objecting seriously to the baby suits for boys of three and five.

Girls' suits are made in Gabrielle, and gored skirts with lacque waists, sufficiently tight to define the form, still breadth enough to allow the free use of the arms and chest. The lacque part is usually in pointed tulle, both back and front, and sometimes rounded to form tabs upon the hips.

Linon is a favorite material for children, and now that they are braided by machine, the expense of a lovely ready-made suit is but a trifle more than if manufactured at home.

HATS for boys are offered in a variety of shapes. The Prince Napoleon is entirely new; it is a dress hat of silk, either light or black, and more the shape of the silk dress hat worn by gentlemen than anything ever before offered for boys. It is really admirable these hats would be untrue, for to our mind they are too old-looking; still the juveniles fancy them, for they are the next thing to those worn by their paternal.

The gipsy is the favorite sun hat for both large and small of the fairer sex, and they are tilted over the face, confined at the sides, and trimmed with daisies or straw ornaments, or black velvet and wild grasses. The Normandy, which of late mention has been made, still proves the dress hat of today.

DRESS GOODS. have taken a lively tumble, as they usually do at this season, and muslins, delaines, lawns, and grenadines are offered at tempting prices.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS. MADAME F.—As usual, many grenadines are made up with some pretty color for evening; for the street, this is always questionable taste. But a black grenadine with a loose blue or lemon-colored vest, and the ruffles, puffs, and flounces piped and bound with the color, and the cash lined dress makes one of the prettiest evening dresses possible to get up for summer.

HATTIE LANE. Get a black lace sleeveless corset. Some line with their fall silk, but they are more useful to wear with everything to be left unlined.

YOUNG MOTHER. Make your infant a suit of pique, or the under Gabrielle of cambric, with a tucked yoke, and tucks and needlework at the bottom; and then a coat and cap of pique braided, with metal ornaments inserted.

MARY MERTON. Braids and curls are both worn. A stem braid costs \$7; curls from \$3 to \$5—depending altogether upon style and quality. ALICE EVELL.

We do not the province of study; it is almost as unimportant to the speaker as the ground; one of the first principles of it is good temper; the arrows of wit ought always to be feathered with smiles; when they fall in that, they become sarcasm.

## A TALE OF CROQUET.

BY A. J. TAYLOR.

I played it over, I scarcely knew  
I never loved a croquet.  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—

I played again, and yet again,  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—

At last the game was quite played out;  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—

And the croquet, I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—  
I showed me what I had to do—

## HOW HE LOST HER.

BY CHARLES FLETCHER.

I knew Margaret was engaged, but I told  
her that I loved her.  
I don't know what you mean, sir," she  
exclaimed, with an expressive lift of the  
jetty eyebrows; but the liquid orbs beneath  
avoided mine, and that encouraged me to be  
saucy in my turn.

"It is of no consequence that you should,  
of course; but you didn't imagine that you  
were going to flirt all the summer with a  
fellow of my stamp, and get off unscathed  
yourself?"

"Well, not," she laughed. "You don't  
seem seriously damaged." "You don't  
seem seriously damaged."

"But I am. My heart is shrivelled crisp  
as a wafer." "Really? Well, I don't know what  
can be done about it."

"I am going to show you." And so on,  
for half an hour. We spoke jestingly, both  
of us, but the laugh with each covered  
deeper feeling.

"She was beautiful, my Margaret; fond of  
homage, as what woman is not?—and ac-  
customed to receiving it. It was not her  
fault, after all, that I loved her, but her  
glory, as an honest man's love is always a  
true woman's glory; and Margaret was a  
true woman, though I had called her a flirt."

"She was promised in marriage to Rom  
Bentley before she ever saw me, long  
enough. He had stepped a horse which had  
been coming away with her, and so saved  
her life. When he asked her to give him  
what he had saved, what woman with gra-  
titude and a whole heart would not have  
said 'Yes' as she did? Besides, she loved  
him, for aught I knew. I had seen him,  
and he was a handsome enough man to win  
a woman's love, if beauty would do it."

A handsome couple, but somehow, seeing  
the two together, they did not seem to be  
fancied of each other, and so I took courage.  
Certainly, Margaret never looked at Rom  
Bentley when I was by, as she had looked at  
me many a time that summer, as we two  
strolled along the beach.

Rom Bentley once stayed a week, and  
went back to town. He was a man of busi-  
ness, keenly devoted to money-making;  
fonder of that, I fancied, than of the beau-  
tiful woman he had won, and upon that im-  
agining I hung another hope. Margaret had  
been downhearted. If Margaret had been  
downhearted, I fancy that Mr. Bentley would  
never have wooed her. But how to prove it.

Margaret and I did not relate into the  
old fashion of strolling about the beach by  
moonlight after Rom Bentley had come and  
gone, and we stopped looking and talking  
merrily, watching each other furtively. I  
felt confident that Margaret was wondering  
if I had been jesting when I said I had  
given her up; and I was wondering if I had  
anything to do with those moods of pen-  
siveness which had come upon my dark-  
eyed queen of late.

One day, I found her upon the balcony,  
with an open letter in her hand.  
"I am a very fortunate girl," she said,  
glancing at the letter. "Did you know that  
Clark, Vernon & Co., the bankers in New  
York, failed last week?"

I had heard of it.  
"The bulk of my fortune was in their  
hands at one time. I did not know but it  
was still. My guardian writes to tell me,  
however, that he removed it months ago."

I came forward eagerly at that, extending  
my hand.  
"Permit me to congratulate you, Miss  
Stone."

Margaret laughed rather confusedly as  
she put her little hand in mine. I saw that  
she was surprised at my eagerness.

"Miss Stone," said I, "did you believe  
when I said that I loved you, somewhere  
about a month ago?"

Margaret colored vividly, as she gave me  
a dubious look.  
"Yes. What of it? Do you want to  
take it back now?" she laughed.

"Not I. But, in consideration of my  
great affection for you, I want you to do a  
favor for me."

"Name it," she said, looking puzzled.

"I am going up to New York to-mor-  
row. Will you humor me by permitting  
me to be the bearer of a letter from yourself  
to Mr. Bentley?"

"This is an odd request."

"I am aware of it. Will you write to  
Mr. Bentley a letter, asking him to inquire  
into this matter of the bank failure, and  
let you know how serious a business it re-  
ally is?"

## THE MOON-POWER.

A Legend of the Rhine.

BY CHRISTIE LINDOLE.

Of the many fair sights which constantly  
greet the eye of the traveler on the Rhine,  
between Cologne and Mayence, none pre-  
sents a more picturesque and beautiful scene  
than the charming village of Bingen and  
its environs.

Above, like a silver thread, the river flows  
between vine-covered banks, in quiet sec-  
urity; but below, and near its confluence  
with the Nahe, it dashes flamingly against  
the rocky shore of a small island, on which  
stands the Mausethurm, or Mouse-Tower.

History, poetry, and tradition have united  
in surrounding this islet with romantic in-  
terest, and the origin of the name of the  
tower, built thereon many centuries ago,  
presents a legend of horror which absorbs  
attention.

One of the years in the early part of the  
thirteenth century rain fell continuously for  
many days; the sun failed to send his genial  
warmth to rouse into life the dormant vege-  
tation; the expectant crops were ruined; so  
that when harvest time came there was  
nothing to garner, and a great famine  
spread throughout the land.

Hatto, Archbishop of Mayence, a man of  
great learning, but ambitious, cunning, and  
unscrupulous, whose soul was Mammon,  
and who, vain and haughty, loved not the  
poor of his flock, had stored up the rich-  
tithes of grain from preceding harvests, and  
amidst the almost universal misery, fared  
sumptuously every day.

His god living and plenty excited the  
starving people, and they collected in front  
of the Archbishop's palace, mourning and  
weeping, praying Hatto to open his barns  
and give them of his abundant stores.

The pitiless prelate, with an ill-concealed  
desire that they should be conducted into an  
empty barn, and there await his charity.

With eager look and warm smiles, the  
shadowy throng soon filled the building;  
but, instead of the expected alms, the cruel  
bishop caused the doors to be made fast and  
set the whole on fire! And, as the heart-  
rending cries of the poor wretches filled the  
air, he said, with a mocking laugh:

"Listen to the squeaking of the mice that  
would consume my corn!"

But his horrible triumph was brief indeed,  
and swiftly vengeance followed. From the  
smoking ruins, ere the last death-gnash  
was scarce heard, legions of rats and mice run  
forth, climb the walls, and penetrate into  
every chamber of the palace. Seized with  
terror, the guilty bishop fled, crossed the  
Rhine, and suspended his bed in the tower;  
there, at least, he will be safe; and he  
smiles at his fancied security. But already  
the water is alive, and soon the stronghold  
itself is filled with his burning enemies.

Frenzied with alarm he falls on his  
knees, writhing in despair and calling on  
God for mercy.

Alas! for him the hour of retribution has  
come; his enemies surround him, spring  
upon his person, gnaw his robes; nothing  
now can save; and, as they seize his very  
flesh, with a piercing shriek he falls to the  
floor, and dies a lingering and horrible  
death.

The incidents here narrated have been  
woven into verse by the English poet  
Southey, and the subject is rendered with  
dramatic force. It is entitled

## GERMAN STUDENTS.

A German student is as devoted to his  
club as to the lecture-room. In Heidelberg  
University, this side of student life is quite  
prominent. There is one class of societies  
which combine study with recreation, the  
Philosophical Verein. I attended one of  
their meetings. Twenty students sat around  
a table, each with his mug of beer and copy  
of Plautus. The one whose turn it was  
read for three hours, interrupted now and  
then by sharp criticisms upon his transla-  
tion. At ten o'clock, Latin gave way to  
beer and other refreshments; and, in a very  
short time, the quiet Verein became a noisy,  
bristling club. Another class of gatherings  
are the Knippen, whose only object seems to  
be to see how much beer can be drunk in a  
given time. The only qualification of mem-  
bership is capacity. The initiation consists  
in drinking from twenty to thirty glasses of  
beer during the evening. The society  
whose members are said to drink the most  
beer, is the most aristocratic and popular.

One might think that in an assembly of  
this character there would be the greatest  
disorder. Not so. A president is chosen  
for each evening, and every one is subject  
to his will. If he orders a member to drink  
at one draught a huge mug of beer, it must  
be done. In the midst of the loudest up-  
roar, let the president but say *silenzium*, and  
the place becomes as quiet as a lecture-room.  
The Germans, however, complain of Eng-  
lishmen, who, they say, will never obey their  
superiors. The time is usually spent in  
singing, but a favorite pastime is "the beer  
duel."

During the evening, two persons have  
a quarrel, in the progress of which one  
has called the other a *keuperling*. This is  
an insult which cannot be forgiven, and the  
insulting party is immediately challenged.  
A judge is appointed, who fills two large  
tumblers with beer, and gives one to each  
contestant. The glasses are drained at the  
given signal to the bottom; and he who  
has breath enough to cry *Beugerling* is  
proclaimed victor, and the shouts of the  
company. He has now the right to dictate  
to his rival anything he chooses, and the  
vanquished party must obey at peril of ex-  
pulsion from the club. These societies are  
extremely popular, and nearly all the  
students participate in them.

The fighting men—about one-third of the  
students—are divided into five corps, dis-  
tinguished by the color of their caps:—  
Dais are restricted to those corps; and the  
occasional victor must drink the shouts of the  
company. He has now the right to dictate  
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## THE MOON-POWER.

A Legend of the Rhine.

BY CHRISTIE LINDOLE.

Of the many fair sights which constantly  
greet the eye of the traveler on the Rhine,  
between Cologne and Mayence, none pre-  
sents a more picturesque and beautiful scene  
than the charming village of Bingen and  
its environs.

Above, like a silver thread, the river flows  
between vine-covered banks, in quiet sec-  
urity; but below, and near its confluence  
with the Nahe, it dashes flamingly against  
the rocky shore of a small island, on which  
stands the Mausethurm, or Mouse-Tower.

History, poetry, and tradition have united  
in surrounding this islet with romantic in-  
terest, and the origin of the name of the  
tower, built thereon many centuries ago,  
presents a legend of horror which absorbs  
attention.

One of the years in the early part of the  
thirteenth century rain fell continuously for  
many days; the sun failed to send his genial  
warmth to rouse into life the dormant vege-  
tation; the expectant crops were ruined; so  
that when harvest time came there was  
nothing to garner, and a great famine  
spread throughout the land.

Hatto, Archbishop of Mayence, a man of  
great learning, but ambitious, cunning, and  
unscrupulous, whose soul was Mammon,  
and who, vain and haughty, loved not the  
poor of his flock, had stored up the rich-  
tithes of grain from preceding harvests, and  
amidst the almost universal misery, fared  
sumptuously every day.

His god living and plenty excited the  
starving people, and they collected in front  
of the Archbishop's palace, mourning and  
weeping, praying Hatto to open his barns  
and give them of his abundant stores.

The pitiless prelate, with an ill-concealed  
desire that they should be conducted into an  
empty barn, and there await his charity.

With eager look and warm smiles, the  
shadowy throng soon filled the building;  
but, instead of the expected alms, the cruel  
bishop caused the doors to be made fast and  
set the whole on fire! And, as the heart-  
rending cries of the poor wretches filled the  
air, he said, with a mocking laugh:

"Listen to the squeaking of the mice that  
would consume my corn!"

But his horrible triumph was brief indeed,  
and swiftly vengeance followed. From the  
smoking ruins, ere the last death-gnash  
was scarce heard, legions of rats and mice run  
forth, climb the walls, and penetrate into  
every chamber of the palace. Seized with  
terror, the guilty bishop fled, crossed the  
Rhine, and suspended his bed in the tower;  
there, at least, he will be safe; and he  
smiles at his fancied security. But already  
the water is alive, and soon the stronghold  
itself is filled with his burning enemies.

Frenzied with alarm he falls on his  
knees, writhing in despair and calling on  
God for mercy.

Alas! for him the hour of retribution has  
come; his enemies surround him, spring  
upon his person, gnaw his robes; nothing  
now can save; and, as they seize his very  
flesh, with a piercing shriek he falls to the  
floor, and dies a lingering and horrible  
death.

The incidents here narrated have been  
woven into verse by the English poet  
Southey, and the subject is rendered with  
dramatic force. It is entitled

## "THE TRADITION OF BISHOP HATTO."

The summer and autumn have been so wet  
that in winter the corn was growing yet;  
There is a picture still to be seen all round  
the Rhine of the olden days.

Every day the starting point  
Crowded round Bishop Hatto's door,  
For he had a plentiful list of stores,  
His granaries were full of corn.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day  
To feast the poor of his diocese;  
He had them to his great hall repair,  
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced at such tidings, good to hear,  
The poor folk flocked from far and near;  
The great hall was full as it could hold  
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then, when he saw it could hold no more,  
Bishop Hatto, he made fast the door;  
And, while for mercy on Christ they call,  
He set fire to the barn, and burned them all!

"I faith," an excellent housewife" quoth he;  
"The short space of fifteen days." The statement was  
a London Club offered a prize for the best novel,  
to be written in that length of time, and those three  
handfuls. Not knowing how else to have  
doubts satisfied, I apply to you, and will be obliged to  
you for any information you can furnish, as well also  
for any of the kind which you may be able to give me.

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## THE MOON-POWER.

Communications relating exclusively to matters of fashion, should be addressed to "Fashion Editor," SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In searching for novelties, since our last article, we are quite surprised at the uniformity that governs the importations and styles of today. Novelty is few and far between, and many of the designs put out earlier in the season by modistes have been rejected by leaders of fashion; so that the accoutrements designed to lead have met with a sudden death-blow.

IN HATS. We find an introduction of the crownless hat, and, while we mention it, we have no idea for an instant that they are to be adopted by women of sense or taste. Perhaps a few of our fashionables, who have become accustomed to them abroad, may don them for a little while; but to say that we stay-at-home are to go about with our hair poked out through the top of our bonnets, is preposterous indeed.

A DESCRIPTION of them will perhaps interest the many, and we will say they are rings of chip or lace, sufficiently large to fit on the top of the head; they are sometimes plainly bound, again they have Chinese silk or lace about them, or scarfs of two colors, and mounted with flowers. These arch across the top, like